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MISCELLANEOUS.

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DEPUTY SHERIFF AND AUCTIONEER, WEST Top-ham, Vt. Business intrusted to me will be attended to with care and dispatch. A. M. CARPENTER.

DEPUTY SHEELFY, CORINTH, VI. hero printed of desired. Vershire, Vt. The Three Callers,

Morn called fondly to a fair boy straying

'Mid golden meadows rich with clover dew; She calls—but he still thinks of naught save Vhile he, still merry with his flowery store, Dreams not that morn, sweet morn! return

o noon, unnoticed, seeks the western shore

Night tappeth gently at a case With the thin firelight, flickering and low, By which a gray haired man is sadly dream

Silent and dark—and he returns no more

MISS CRIMME'S ROMANCE.

At the extreme end of the main street, in a quiet New England town, there was a low, rambling stone house. A portion of it was overrun so with vines that some of the windows were quite hidden. There was allaround it a small space of ground thickly planted with trees. Miss Jane Crimme lived in the trees. Miss Jane Crimme lived in the house, and had lived there for many years. Before, her mother had lived there also a long time, and when the old lady became an invalid and bed ridden, her daughter took her place at the head of the house, and so strongly did Miss Jame resemble her mother, that when the latter passed away, things went on exactly as ever, and it seemed as if the old lady and her daughter had been merged into one person, so that people called her Mrs. Jane or Mrs. Crimme.

Miss Jane was far from being a home-

Miss Jane was far from being a homely person; through the traces of time and suffering might easily be seen the remains of past beauty, but hardened and so sorrow stricken, that a great fear fell on the little maid, Elizabeth, whenever she appeared. Elizabeth was the maid-of-all-work

and a living defiance to those rules which arrange a certain harmony be-tween people and their names. Having been taken from some asylum or charity everything differing from her past asso-ciations, her face had acquired a chronic look of utter amazement, somewhat lightened by a pair of perfectly round, large black eyes. Her general appear-ance was rather remarkable, too, on ac-count of the evident unrestrained exerwhich was not altogether above criticism. Her favorite post was at a window commanding something of a view of the main street, at which, at short intervals, during the entire day, she intervals, during the entire day, she har chin on her

dow ledge, with the prominent portions of her face pressed flat against the glass, which practice had not improved the regularity or form of her features. the regularity or form of her features. At the least noise she vanished as though the earth had swallowed her, the fact being that she dropped herself on the floor and crawled to the seene of her duties, as though the window alone was to be feared by allowing her to be seen. Miss Crimme was really kind and gentle, but Elizabeth could never quite accustom herself to the tail floure and

severe, sad face of her mistress.

Miss Crimme's mother had first come to the town many years before, quite alone. Her peculiarity of attending exclusively to her own affairs, and leaving those of her neighbors alone, had at first, naturally, of course, excited curiosity and suspicion, but as years passed on, and nothing occurred to feed the one or keep alive the other, they died out, and the old lady was spoken of with respect and left entirely to herself. Even the arrival of her daughter, of whose existence many were ignorant, some years after her removal to the town,

aused but little remark.
Miss Jane was then a handsome woman of about twenty-three. It was said she came from abroad; indeed, several stories were set affoat, but soon were forgotten for some more interesting subject of gossip. She was quiet in her manner, and very retiring and reticent, as if under a restraint, at first, but this soon grew to a habit. Shortly after her coming, her mother was taken ill, and from that time never left her room ex-

cept to be carried to her last resting place.

From the time of her mother's illness Miss Crimme assumed the head of the house, and, as I once before said, seemed so like her mother in her ways and appearance, that she was called Mrs. Crimme, and the old lady herself was forgotten some time before she passed

on the back of a chair at the kitchen window, greatly absorbed in the occasional passing by of a pedestrian, when a violent knock at the door caused her to drop instantly on the floor. She reto drop instantly on the floor. She remained there some moments, entirely forgetful of her duty to open the door. At a second knock she tremblingly went to the door. This she carefully secured with a chain, to prevent its being opened more than about four inches, and opening it, and placing as much of herself as was possible in the opening, she said: "Please come in. ma'am!" uttersaid : "Please come in, ma'am !" utterly unconscious of the impossibility of

by compliance with her request.
It was the postman. Elizabeth never remembered having seen the postman at the house before, and was consequently greatly alarmed as well as amazed.

"A letter for Mrs. Crimme." And he left in the hands of the trembling and still terrified maid a small note with the postmark of the city on it, and sealed with black.

It was some minutes before she suffi-

ciently recovered to close the door. Then she carefully wiped off the letter on both sides with her apron, and folding it up in that article of dress, went to Miss Crimme's room. She knocked timidly. The clear, even voice of Miss Crimme

came in reply:
"Come in!"
Elizabeth opened the door carefully,
and squeezing herself in, shut it to
hastily, as though she were afraid the

Crimme, who sat near a wood fire, read- whither I had come, resolved to make

Crimme, who sat near a wood fire, reading from a journal.

"Give it to me," said Miss Crimme, closing her book, while a slight flush overspread her face.

Elizabeth slowly approached and gave the letter, without removing her eyes from her mistress.

Miss Jane took it, broke the seal, slowly unfolded the letter and read it. As she did so, a strangely bright expression came over her face, and she looked almost lovely by the red light of the

and, going to a small writing table, wrote the answer. And the one word "Come." Miss Jane informed the astonished Elizabeth that a gentleman was coming to stay with them, and that the best spare room, which had been her moth-

er's, must be prepared.

The room was accordingly prepared, and toward dusk the expected visitor arrived. He came in a carriage. He was evidently an invalid, or had been quite

Elizabeth let nothing escape her as she opened the door and called Miss Jane. The gentleman walked slowly and with the aid of the coachman. He wrappings around him, might have been erect and well shaped. His face was pe-culiarly handsome. All the features were regular and finely chiseled; but there was a something, to any one fa-miliar with physiognomy, painfully re-pugnant in the face. Utter and intense selfishness was plainly written there.

Miss Jane met him at the door.

said, and his face caught something of the brightness of Miss Jane's. A bright light burned on the hearth

of the parlor. There Miss Jane led him, while the coachman deposited a small, worn and well traveled box in the hall. The visitor was scated in a large him. The door was closed.
"We meet again, Edward, after

many years of separation," said Miss Jane; "and yet it seems but yesterday since we last met. The long years have rolled by—oh! how long and weary they seemed in passing—and now that they are all past, it seems so short—so short!" she repeated, in a dreamy sort of way, and laying her hand on his

"My true, faithful Jeannette!" re turned the gentleman, looking up at her with his large, beautiful eyes, and tak-ing her hand in his.

ing which neither seemed to know exactly what to say. At last Miss Jane "And when did you leave Paris?"

Something of the sweet expression here seemed to die out of her face, and she looked away from him, and took a eat near him.
"Ah! Jeannette, I am at best but s

miserable fellow, but you must help me, for there was never but one in my wretched life who really made me feel hat I might and ought to be." The soulless look in his eye belied the rords he spoke; he continued:
"After we parted in Paris, and you

returned to your mother, what was there for me to do? I believed that I had tried your patience too far. I believed myself forsaken by you." "Poor Edward!" exclaimed Miss

Jane, looking up at him tenderly.

He continued: "Before I met you,
my life had been a thoughtless, careless
one. Obtaining a position in the army through the influence of my mother's relatives—who, as you remember, were French—I led a careless life, till I met you, just after you had left school, at your uncle's house. You were lovely, eannette"— Miss Jane sighed, and smiled sadly.

Edward added, rapidly: "With that beauty which nothing can diminish, and which is the reflex of a noble, generous heart. I met you at your uncle's house. I need not recall, I think, those happy happy days we passed together, swear-ing to love each other and be true. I was wrong, I admit it, Jeannette, but you have forgiven me. It was only, however, in appearance. I sacrificed myself for a friend." Miss Jane looked at him eagerly—every word of excuse he uttered, whether true or false, was only too welcome to her.
"I frequented the house of Marie

marry her in defiance of the angerof his father. You supposed it was I who really loved her. Ah, Jeannette, if you had only been less precipitate, how many years of suffering it might have spared us both!"

fire, perhaps for inspiration.
"You would hear nothing, and you "You would hear nothing, and you refused to see me. In vain I called, wrote and sent messages. You were decided. You left Europe. You left me that cruel note. I tried in vain to follow you, to write you, or to explain. All was useless. In desperation I married Marie; my friend had died and left the poor girl half heartbroken. For ter. long years I have wandered about, now stationed in one place, now in another, till last month, when Marie died. I met your uncle by accident in New York, still another effort to find you. He gave me your address, and so soon as I was able, after an attack of illness, I wrote

series of her face.

Elizabeth slowly approached and gave the letter, without removing her eyes from her mistress.

Miss Jane took it, broke the seal, slowly unfolded the letter and read it. As she did so, a strangely bright expression came over her face, and she looked almost lovely by the red light of the fire.

Elizabeth stood by, greatly wondering, till her mistress, suddenly remembering, said:

"You may go, Elizabeth; and, if you wish, go out for an hour, no longer, or you may sit by the window, if you choose."

"Yes, ma'am—thank'ee, miss!" and she retired as she had entered, carefully closing the door, lest Miss Jane might escape.

In Miss Crimme's lap lay the letter, while her eyes studied the red coals of the fire, and a smile played over her generally sad and stera face.

This was the letter:

"Can you forgive and forget the past? I have suffered much, but my feelings for you are unchanged. Write me but one word. I am ill, and lonely, and dying."

Then followed an address.

Miss Crimme was thinking—remembering. She was but human, after all.

There are, in the world, a few true na tures—weak, they are called—which neglect, inconstancy or insult even, can scarcely change or shake in their allegiance to the object beloved. Besides, actions viewed through the vista of long years look wonderfully different.

Miss Jane arose after a few minutes, and, going to a small writing table, wrote the answer. And the one word requested was:

All jesonette."

How much of it all she really believe, dit it is impossible to say. One thad the dute in head the dit is impossible to say. One thad the week, it is impossible to say. One thad the had tenderly towed him in her younger days, and long it is hemeantime to occupy of distract her mind, had then had become a part of herself. She knew his narrow, small character; she three was a creatin; she there was a creatin time to occupy or distract her mind, had then her was a creatin to he was; but there was a creatin to he was; but there was a creatin to he was; but there was a

He seemed to misunderstand her.

"I spoke of marriage, Jeannette, and you speak of friendship."
"I mean the same," she replied.
"The word seemed too full of happiness for me to utter." That was their bethrothal A few days later the neighbors wer somewhat surprised to hear that Miss

For a while Miss Jane's life seeme to glide on as smoothly as before, and one heard or saw but little of her. Sometimes, early in the morning or later Jane. The gentleman walked slowly and with the aid of the coachman. He was quite tall, and, but for the various whom all knew to be the lieutenant, however, they were seen rarely together, then not at all, and the inmates of the then not at all, and the inmates of the low stone house were as mysterious as before Miss Jane's marriage. No one knew the sorrow shut up there. The lieutenant went off for days together and returned as suddenly as he left, and generally in the night. His wife, with the blind devotion of woman, was always ready to pity and forgive. She soon found that her dream was over, her hopes a delusion; but she still clung to pugnant in the face. Utter and intense selfishness was plainly written there. Narrow and contracted thoughts seemed to be the necessary companions of such the memory. He squandered and wasted her fortune, and treated her with the contempt and insolence a mean and selfish nature feels for those who sacrifice all to them.

Years passed on, and told their sad story of a breaking heart on the face of Miss Jane. She still clung to him with

One night there was a noise, late, which roused some of the neighbors, as a carriage drove up to Mrs. Arton's door. Two days after, early, there was quiet funeral there.
Mrs. Arton was a widow.

Mrs. Arton was a widow.

She lived on yet many years, but much changed. Now she was conspicuous for doing good and relieving the necessities of those around her. She could be seen almost daily, her hair perfectly white, dressed in gray, and going, with a basket on her arm, to the poorer portions of the town.

Elizabeth still lived with her, but

grown into a pretty young woman, still with an inordinate love of dress. She regarded men with great aversion, and was a model of fidelity and devotion to was a model of fidelity and devotion to her mistress, whom she regarded at any moment as likely to be carried off like Elijah or Enoch, and only wondered, as, of course, she must do at something, that the aerial journey should be delayed. Her eyes had never lost their look of amazement, but she had lost all her taste for sitting at the kitchen window, except about the time when Miss Jane, as she always called her mistress, was wont to return. She met her at the door then, with a smile. "You must be tired, miss," she would say. "No." Miss Jane would answer; "not tired, Elizabeth—one cannot be tired when one is occupied doing good, and forgetful of oneself. It is the fruitless dwelling on the past that wearies, or the pursuit on the past that wearies, or the pursui of something which God does not in

The Political Assessment Bill.

The following is the text of the bill to prevent the solicitation, contribution or acceptance by any officer or employee of the United States government of money, property or other thing of value, for political purposes, as passed by the House and sent to the Senate for consurrance.

House and sent to the Senate for concurrence:

Be it enacted, etc., That no efficer or employee of the government shall require or request, give to or receive from any other officer or employee of the same or other person, directly or indirectly, any money, property or other thing of value for political purposes, and any such officer or employee who shall offend against the provisions of this act shall at once be dismissed from the service of the United S ates and also be deemed guilty of a high misdemeanor, and, on conviction thereof, fined unt less than \$500 nor more than \$3,000, and be imprisoned not more than one year, at the discretion of the judge trying the case.

Sec. 2.—That if any person, with a view to the election to or obtaining votes for the office of President, Vice-President, or the post of sonater, representative or delegate in the Congress of the United States or appointment to any office or post of honor or emolument under the government of the United States of himself, or any other person, shall use force or duress by menace or violence to life, limb, property or liberty, or shall commit bribery or shall use money, property or other thing of value to influence any election or appointment te any such office or post, he shall, upon conviction thereof, he fined not less than \$500 nor more than \$3,000, and be imprisoned not more than one year, at the discretion of the judge trying the case.

Sec. 3.—That the district courts of the United States shall have jurisdiction of the offenses created by this act.

Sec. 4.—That the judges of the district and circuit courts shall give this act in charges to grand juries.

They've got the laugh on a Cincinnsti railroad man just returned from Florida. The story is that he and two or three friends, after a day's fishing off the At-lantic coast, spread all sail on their smeck for home, but after standing three hours before the wind and making no

THE CENTENNIAL.

The general plan for the exercises at the opening of the Centennial exhibition on May 10 has been agreed upon by the executive committee. The specially invited guests will be nearly as follows:

The President and Vice-President.

The Cabinet. The Supreme Court.
The Senate and House of Represent

ives.

The leading officers of the army and The Legislature of Pennsylvania.
The Legislature of Pennsylvania.
The board of State supervisors.
The foreign commissioners.
The Centennial commission and thief subordinates.

The government board of finance.
The Women's Centennial executive

committee.

The judges of the exhibition.
The State Centennial board.
The city officials of Philadelphia.
This list is subject to revision. As the exercises are to be held in the open air, it will be possible for a greater multitude to witness them. About 10:30 colocity at the persons invited having o'clock A. M., the persons invited having been conducted to their places, the orchestra of one hundred and fifty, conducted by Theodore Thomas, will play the national airs of all nations. The President of the United States will be conducted to the ground by Governor Hartranft, with a military escort. The following programme will then be car-

occasion by Richard Wagner.
"Invocation of the Divine Blessing, Original cantata—Words by Sydney Lanier, of Georgia; music by Dudley

Buck, of Connecticut.

Brief presentation by the president of the Centennial commission, reporting the exhibition to the President of the

United States. United States, which he will close by declaring the exhibition open. Im-mediately the flags will be unfurled, the artillery will fire a salute, the chimes of round will ring and the chorus of six undred will render Handel's "Hallemove to their respective assignments in the main building. The President of the United States, escorted by the com-mission and board of finance, and the teen acres of machinery will be put in motion and the exhibition will be open to the world. There may follow more less formal receptions in the judge hall and the quarters of the comm

The First Steamboat.

of steam navigation was ridiculed. They remember, too, that when the Clermont the use of sails, against wind and tide, in thirty-two hours, ridicule was changed into amazement. That voyage did more. It spread terror over the alarm along its borders. The steam-boat was an awful revelation to the fish-It came upon them unheralded. It seemed like a weird craft from Pluto's realm—a transfiguration of Charon's boat into a living flend from the infernal regions. Its huge black pipe vomiting fire and smoke, the hoarse breathing of its engine, and the great splash of its uncovered paddle-wheels filled the imagination with all the dark pictures of

was the author or some of the most won-derful romances of the Hudson, and for years she was the victim of the enmity of the fishermen, who believed that her noise and agitation of the waters would drive the shad and sturgeon from the compared with the great river steamers now. Fulton did not comprehend the majesty and capacity of his first inven-tion. He regarded the Richmond, the finest steamboat at the time of his finest steamboat at the time of his death, as the perfection of that class of architecture. She was a little more than one hundred feet in length, with a low, dingy cabin, partly below the water line, dimly lighted by tallow candles, in which passengers ate and slept in stifling air, and her highest rate of speed was nine miles an hour. Could Fulton revisit the earth and be placed on one of the great river steamboats of our of the great river steamboats of our time, he would imagine himself to be in some magical structure of fairy land, or forming a part of a strange romance; for it is a magnificent floating hotel, over four hundred feet in length, and capable of carrying a thou-and guests by night or by day from New York to Albany at the rate of twenty miles an

bour.

Wolves in France.

The Journal d'Agriculture says that the annual damage to cattle alone in France from the depredations of wolves roches a sum of 2,000,000 francs, to say nothing of the loss of sheep from the same cause. It is estimated that there are about 1,000 breeding wolves, and that about 2,500 whelps are born in 1,000 wolves are killed annually, there must be at least 2,000 depredating by April of each year. The Journal supports. A correspondent of the Bpring-destination from the depresentatives from the appearance of the interests of those who have a best of the interests of those who have a bout 1,000 breeding wolves, and to the interests of those who have a bount of the destination of the

RUIN ON THE RHINE.

to Fearful Disaster at the Town of Camb ----Consequences of the Move of a Moun-tain----Ometal Neglect the Came of Ruin and Death----A Terrible Roll in the Dead

The small town of Caub, France, the The small town of Caub, France, the historical spot where Marshal Blucher crossed the river on the first of January, 1814, is well known through its splendid scenery and the wine that grows there. For the last few years the people have noticed that part of one of the mountains—at the foot of which whole streets are situated—had moved about two feet downward, forming vertical crayings, of ger, induced the authorities to erect a wall thirty feet thick about a hundred

wall thirty feet thick about a hundred yards above the houses, in order to pre-vent the rocks from rolling down and ornshing them. This wall was built six months ago, and since that time the miners, about thirty in number, working near the summit of the mountain for slates, were ordered to throw their rub-bish down in the direction of the guardian wall, which accumulated in

guardian wall, which accumulated in time to an enormous mass.

At night, shortly before twelve o'clock, the inhabitants were slarmed by the bells and the night watchman, as well as by the cries of the people, that a portion of the mountain was rolling down, and everybody hastened to the place called the Kalkgrube, where a sight as horrible as ever mankind witnessed presented itself. In consequence of the heavy rain during the last few weeks immense masses of slate suddenly weeks immense masses of slate suddenly gave way above and came down with tremendous force against the guardian wall, which gave way with a terrible crash, together with the immense

heap of waste slate that was piled up against it. than eight houses, with their twenty-seven sleeping inhabitants, were entirely buried in the debris. Three persons, who happened to be up and heard the peculiar noise in the back houses, had just time to escape. The scene that followed is scarcely to be described—the screams of about two thousand men and women who surrounded the entrances of the only two narrow streets leading to the place of director screening with the place of the pla to the place of disaster, combined with the cries for help and expressions of fear that still greater accidents might every moment occur, were for some time deaf-ening. Order prevailed at last, and the men set to work, although it was pitch

fearfully mutilated, one man decapi-tated, were got out, and more distant sounds were heard from underneath.

During the night a messenger on horseback had to be sent to Bacharach, which lies about eight miles lower down the river, to telegraph for assistance; because Caub, although a railway sta-tion, has no night service, and therefore telegrams could only be issued from thence. In the morning a detachment of pioneers arrived from Coblenz, also the government president, accompanied by two engineers from Wiesbaden. In the course of the day another express train brought more soldiers, who, however, were recalled shortly afterward, the floods having endangered Coblenz and its neighborhood. As soon as the first military attachment made its ap-pearance the citizens were driven away, and have since then been prevented from working. At night the thirty pioneers stopped work altogether, by order of their officer. They had not done anything worth mentioning to re-lieve those who are perhaps living, and how the government will answer for not

allowing the miners, who would witting ly work day and night to assure them-selves of the fate of their fellow creatures. I do not know. On one of the remaining corner houses for some months past, by order of the mayor, a board has past, by order of the mayor, a board has been put up, on which in large letters is written that passengers are warned to pass the narrow streets as quickly as possible, and yet the government did not take steps to remove the people from their endangered homes. Two or three houses, which are still liable to be smalled every moment by some pieces of the threatening loose rocks, ought to have been pulled down immediately, whereby they would have gained considerable space to pursue the operations without any further hindrance.

The easy way in which the soldiers were working disgusted every feeling man who saw them. Between two and three hundred miners repeatedly offered three hundred m ners repeatedly offered

their services, but were each time re-jected by the officer in command; nay more, the latter, seeing the threatening position the men adopted, gave orders to their men to direct their arms against the people. The situation was a very grave one, indeed, for only one offensive word would have sufficed to cause a most fearful slaughter. I must confess of the proceedings of the work, which is a disgrace to the government. One more dead body was brought forth, which leaves eighteen still to be got out, besides cattle. A peculiar incident is that of a son of one of the un-

Pitt managed the national finances of England during a period of unexampled difficulty, yet was himself always plunged in debt. Lord Carrington, exbanker, once or twice, at Mr. Pitt's request, examined his household accounts and found the quantity of butchers' meat charged in the bills at one hundred weight a week. The charge for servants' wages, board wages, living dred weight a week. The charge for servants' wages, board wages, living and household bills exceed £2,300 a year. At Pitt's death the nation voted £40,000 to satisfy the demands of his creditors; yet his income had never been less then £6,000 a year, and at one time, with the wardenship of the Clinque Ports, it was nearly £4,000 a year more. Macaulay truly says that "the character of Pitt would have stood higher if, with the disinterestedness of Pericles and De Witt, he had united their dignified frugality."

and De Witt, he had united their dignified frugality."

But Pitt by no means stood alone.
Lord Melville was as unthrifty in the management of his own affairs as he was of the money of the public. Fox was in enormous ower, his financial maxim being that a man need never want manay if he was able to pay enough for it. Fox called the outer room at Almack's, where he borrowed on occasions from Jewlenders at exorbitant premiums, his "Jerusalem Chamber." Passion for play was his great vice, and at a very early age it involved him in debt to an enormous amount. It is stated by Gibson that on one occasion Fox sat playing at hexard for twenty hours in succession losing (14 000. But deep nlay.

ing at hexard for twenty hours in suc-cession, losing £14,000. But deep play was the vice of high life in those days,

was the vice of high ate in those days, and cheating was not unknown. Selwyn, alluding to Fox's losses at play, called him Charles the martyr.

Sheridan was the hero of debt. He lived on it. Though he received large days. sums of money in one way or another, no one knew what became of it, for he paid nobody. It seemed to melt away in his hands like snow in summer. He spent his first wife's fortune of £16,000 in a six weeks' junnt at Bath. Necessity drove him to literature, and, perhaps, to the stimulus of poverty we owe "The Rivals" and the dramas which followed it. With his second wife he obtained a fortune of £5,000, and, with £15,000 which he realized by the sale of Drury

Land shares, he bought an estate in Sur-rey, from which he was driven by debts and duns.

The remainder of his life was a series of shifts, sometimes brilliant, but often degrading, to raise money and evade creditors. Taylor, of the opera house, used to say that if he took off his hat to Sheridan in the street it would cost him £50; but if he stopped to speak to him it would cost £100. He was in debt all round—to his milkman, his grocer, his baker and his butcher. Sometimes Mrs. Sheridan would be kept waiting for an hour or more, while the servruts were

beating up the neighborhood for coffee, bufter, eggs and rolls. While Sheridan was paymaster of the navy, a butcher one day took it and clapped it in the pot to boil, and went up stairs for the money, but not returning, the butcher coolly removed the pot lid, took out the mutton and walked away with it in his tray. lan, when invited with his son into the country, usually went in chaises and four-he in one, and his son Tom following in the other. The end of all was very sad. For some weeks before his death he was nearly destitute of the means of subsistence.

ly descrited him. Executions for debt were in his house, and he passed his short of money and asked the clerk to put the balance on the books. He cheerfully agreed, and said he would send the bill to be husband. "You'd better send into me and the balance of the books. He cheerfully agreed, and said he would send the bill to be husband. "You'd better send in the me "cheerfully agreed, and said he would send the bill to be husband." to prison merely because they were as-sured that to remove him would cause his immediate death.

The Storming of Stony Point. Stony Point, on the Hudson, was the scene of a stirring romance during the Bevolutionary war. The chances for success in a night assault upon the garrison there were were talked over at the headquarters of Washington at West Point. The impetuous General Wayne—"Mad Anthony"—was then in command of troops in that vicinity. "Oan you take the fort by assault?" Washington asked Wayne. "I'll storm hell, general, if you'll plan it!" was the reply. "Try Stony Point first," solemnly answered the chief. An assault was plauned, and on a hot July night, when all the dogs in the neighboorhood had been killed to prevent their barking making a discovery. Wayne, with a small force, crawled unobserved, under cover of darkness, to the narrow causeway across a marsh that connects the promontory with the land. They had assended the rocky acclivity and were almost to the sally-port before a sontinel Stony Point, on the Hudson, was the eended the rocky activity and were almost to the sally-port before a sentinel discovered them. Then the garrison was aroused, the drums beat to arms, and in the face of a terrible storm of grapeshot the assailants pressed forward with the bayonet. At two o'clock in the morning of July 16, 1773, Wayne, who had been stunned by a bullet, wrote to his chief: "The fort and garrison, with Colonel Johnson, are ours." The cannon were carried away on baleaux. cannon were carried away on baleaux to West Point, and the fort was de-

Treatment of Croup.

A German physician, Dr. Stehverger, recommends the treatment of croup by the inhalation of pure glycerine through got out, besides cattle. A peculiar in-cident is that of a son of one of the un-fortunate families was imprisoned the day before for a triffing matter and thus saved. About three hundred people who inhabited the houses adjoining the place of disaster have now been ordered to leave them and obtain only with great infinite a registeral between

Love that makes and finds its treasure Love, treasure without measure. A sigh because the days are long Long, long these days that pass in sighing A burden saddens every song, While time lags that should be flying.

We live who would be dying

Cream colored chip hats, trimmed

A well bred man makes a sandwich of himself when he wears two mustard

An Oregon farmer recently plowed up an Indian skelton, together with 300 \$50

Miss Lillian Edgarton says that about five years are required to exhaust the popularity of the average lecturer.

The annual tobacco crop of the United States is about 300,000,000 pounds, worth to the producers at least \$40,000,-

little as possible of everything else. He can balance partners better if his hair is

At the Chester assizes in England Justice Lush has sentenced one Lewis to ten years' penal servitude and five years

The old saw about "running away with a red-hot stove" has been almost equaled in Albany, where a four thou-sand pound boiler was found to be miss-

this," said a delighted Mississippian, drawing his revolver and letting fly at a performer, who was executing a gun trick and catching the bullet in his An ingenious method of protecting valuable earings when their wearers are traveling has come into fashion. Ladies

"Dern you, see if you can catch

open with clasp and hinges, and effects ally inclose and conceal the precious mentum, not long since, related, in il-lustration of his subject, an account of an explosion of gunpowder in one of the

At Otter Creek, Ind., Wm. Ross, au had long been known as a very honest man, and the theft was perpetrated to In the center of a sea marsh on the

added. "was an extreme case."

river Teche, in Louisiana, is a beautiful and fertile island of over three hundred scres, and on this island is a mass pure, solid rock salt, estimated at 90,000,000 tons. Scientific men are trying

A Detroit lady-was trading at a dry it to me," she said, as he figured up the cost; "I've got a peculiar husband. If that bill reads \$11 for sugar, coffee and ten, he'll give me the money without a word. If it reads for balance on dry goods, he'll see you in Texas before he pays it. Make it out for groceries. It is my duty as a good wife to pander to

Israel Putnam's Spy. Between the kill, or creek, not far from the village of Peekskill, on the Hudson, is a high rocky ridge, on the southeastern slope of which, north of the borough, a notable little romance occurred in 1777. General Putnam, whose exploits on the upper Hudson have made that segion famous in history and trathat region famous in history and tra-dition, was in command there. A young dition, was in command there. A young man, a scion of a good family in West-chester county, was arrested on suspicion of being a spy, and was brought before Putnam. On his person were found enlisting papers signed by Tryon, and other evidences of his guilt. Sir Henry Clinton sent a note to Putnam, with a flag, claiming the culprit as a British officer, and making insolent British officer, and making insolent threats of wrathful retaliation in case the young man should be harmed. Putnam eplied in writing:

"Headquarters, 7th August, 1777."
"Sir.—Edmund Palmer, an officer in the enemy's service, was taken as a spy larking within our lines. He has been tried as a spy, condemned as a spy, and shall be executed as a spy; and the flag s ordered to depart immediately.
"ISRAEL PUTNAM.

"P. S .- He has been accordingly No spy was ever found in Putnam's camp after that.

English and American Slang.

A review in Scribner for Aprilof Miss Alcott's last book contains he following in regard to "slang": Miss Alcott has been so especially condended in England on this score, that it almost becomes necessary that her fellow countrymen should make her a matter for international protest. For nuch of international protest. For much of the criticism is based on that extraordinary theory of our British cousins, that it is they alone who are entitled, as Parson Hugh says, "to make fritters of English." One would think that a chi a hundred years old might be entitled to some voice in arranging his own yo